

# BATTLE CRY

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VICKERS

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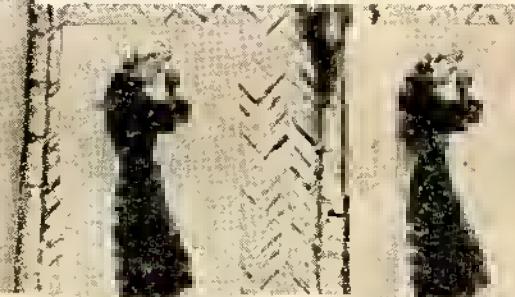


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# PVT. IKE

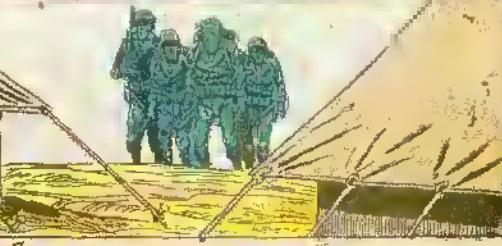
"PRIVATE,  
in DO NOT  
DISTURB"

WATCH OUT FOR  
THE ONE IN FRONT,  
CHICKEN! THAT'S  
PVT. IKE!

YEAH...  
HE'S THE  
BIGGEST  
WOLF IN  
THE OUTFIT!

TAKE ONE FEMALE CORRESPONDENT... ADD FOUR  
SNEAKY REDS... THEN SUBTRACT 50 HOURS OF  
SLEEP, AND YOU'VE GOT A STORY THAT COULD  
ONLY HAPPEN TO PRIVATE IKE, AMERICA'S  
FAVORITE G.I.!

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME, BOYS...  
I KNOW HOW TO  
HANDLE WOLVES!



IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN PVT. IKE AND  
THREE OF HIS BUDDIES RETURNED FROM A TWO-  
DAY SCOUTING MISSION DEEP WITHIN ENEMY  
TERRITORY...

BOY, YOU'RE  
LOOKIN' AT A  
DOG-TIRED  
DOG FACE!

SAY, WHEN DOES THIS ARMY  
START MARCHIN' ON IT'S  
STOMACH? MY FEET ARE  
KILLIN' ME!



ODDS BODKINS  
AND WHAT HO!  
IS THAT A  
SKIRT I SEE  
BEFORE ME?

YEP! IT MUST BE ANNE CALHOON,  
THE FEMALE NEWSPAPER WOMAN!  
SHE'S HERE TO SEE WHAT THE  
WELL-DRESSED COMBAT  
SOLDIER IS WEARIN' THIS  
SEASON!



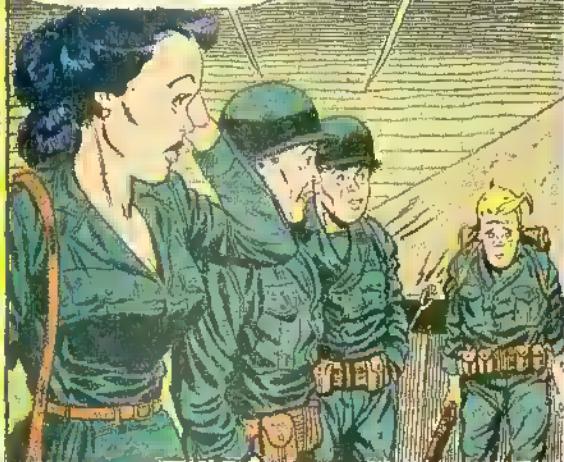
IN KOREA, IT IS NOT AN UNUSUAL SIGHT TO SEE  
TIRED SOLDIERS! BUT WHAT THE TIRED SOLDIERS  
SAW AS THEY ENTERED CAMP WAS AN UNUSUAL SIGHT!

UH OH... HERE COMES  
OLE IKE! WATCH HIM  
MAKE A PITCH FOR  
THE DAME!

LOOKIT HIM  
COME... STRAIGHT  
FOR HER!

WELL,  
I'LL  
BE...

HE DIDN'T  
EVEN LOOK  
AT HER!



BUT THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S  
HER TENT...  
RIGHT  
THERE!

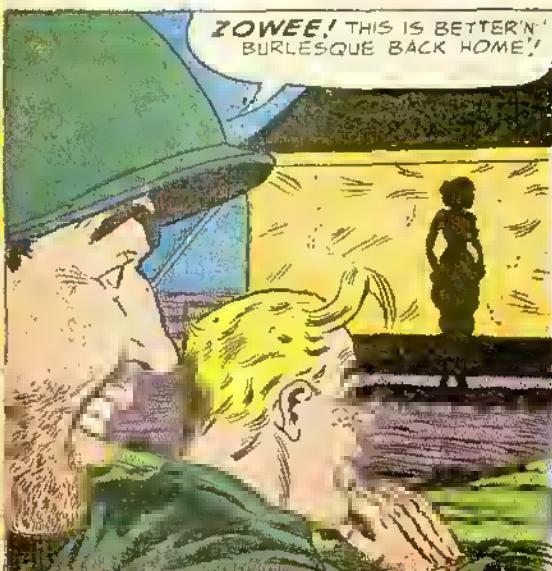
HEY  
IKE... I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WAS TIRED!

I  
AIN'T  
THAT  
TIRED!



ZOWEE! THIS IS BETTER'N  
BURLESQUE BACK HOME!

'TEN'HUT!



WHAT ARE YOU  
MEN UP TO? TAPS  
SOUNDED AN  
HOUR AGO!

I GUESS WE'RE  
JUST NOT  
SLEEPY, SIR!



IS THAT SO? WELL, YOU  
MEN JUST GO AHEAD AND  
HIT THE SACK!

YES  
SIR!



HOLD IT, PRIVATE IKE... SINCE YOU  
DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY TIRED,  
YOU CAN STAND GUARD HERE...

YES  
SIR!



BY THE WAY... THERE'S A CIVILIAN  
NEWSPAPER WOMAN IN THAT TENT!  
SEE THAT SHE'S NOT DISTURBED..  
BY ANYTHING!

NO SIR! I  
MEAN YES  
SIR! I MEAN...



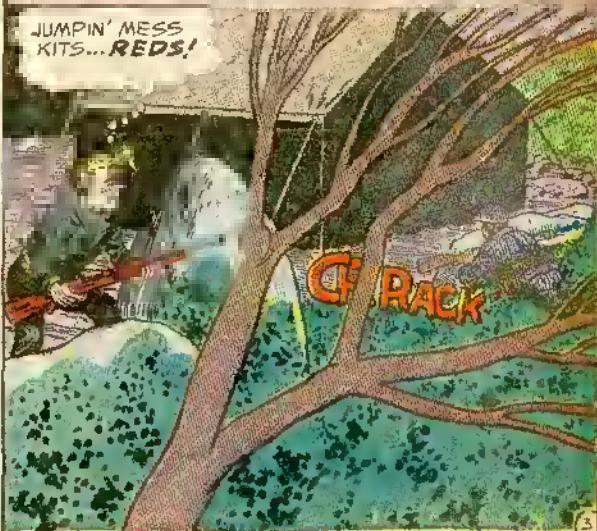
THE MAJOR STRODE OFF, LEAVING IKE WITH HIS  
VERY IMPORTANT MISSION! AND WITH NOTHING TO  
KEEP HIS INTEREST, WELL, IT WAS PRETTY TOUGH!

HER  
LIGHT'S  
OUT... NOW  
I'M TIRED  
AGAIN!



SUDDENLY, IKE SNAPPED INTO ALERTNESS...

JUMPIN' MESS  
KITS... REDS!



KEEPING DOWN LOW, PVT. IKE SNEAKED BEHIND THE TENT AND CAME UP ON THE ENEMY'S FLANK...



...AND DOWN ON THE ENEMY'S HEAD!



WHAT THE...



SSH! AIN'T YOU GUYS GOT ANY CONSIDERATION FOR A LADY THAT'S SLEEPIN'?



ARGHH!  
THAT MEANS YOU TOO, LOUDMOUTH!



HOLY HALF TRACKS!  
HE PULLED THE PIN OUTTA MY GRENADE!  
IF THIS GOES OFF IT'LL WAKE THE DAME FOR SURE!





CORPORAL, TAKE OVER  
THE PRISONER'S POST!  
I'LL TAKE HIM WITH ME!

LOOK SARGE, YOU  
GOTTA LET ME EXPLAIN!  
THERE WERE SOME  
COMMIES AROUND AN'...

YOU'LL EXPLAIN TO THE MAJOR  
IN THE MORNING! IN THE MEAN-  
TIME, YOU'LL ACCOMPANY ME  
IN ABSOLUTE SILENCE ...  
UNNERSTAN'!

WHATEVER YOU  
SAY, SARGE!  
I'M TOO TIRED  
TO ARGUE!



AND AT DAYBREAK...

THIS IS A SERIOUS CHARGE,  
PVT. IKE! WHAT HAVE YOU  
TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

SIR, I WAS  
MERELY LOOKING  
OUT FOR THE  
DAME'S... I MEAN  
MISS CALHOON'S  
WELFARE...

THOSE ARE THE  
REDS I CAUGHT  
SNEAKIN' 'ROUND  
THE DOLL'S TENT  
LAST NIGHT!

WE FOUND THEM  
BEHIND THE TENT,  
SIR.. OUT COLD!  
THERE'S ONE  
MORE... DROWNED  
IN A BUCKET  
OF WATER!

I SEE! I  
GUESS THIS  
EXPLAINS  
EVERYTHING!  
YOU'RE FREE  
TO GO PVT.  
IKE!



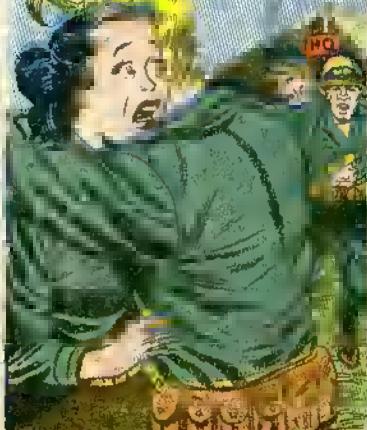
THERE HE IS!  
THAT BRAVE  
SOLDIER SAVED  
MY LIFE! LET  
ME AT HIM SO  
I CAN GIVE HIM  
"A BIG KISS!"

HA, HA... BOY,  
JUST WATCH  
CASANOVA  
IKE NOW!  
THIS OUGHTA  
BE SOMETHIN'!

HELP!  
HE WON'T  
LET GO!  
HELP!

STOP HIM, SERGEANT!  
PRIVATE IKE HAS  
GONE BERSERK!

NO HE HASN'T,  
SIR! PRIVATE IKE  
HAS GONE TO  
SLEEP!



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IT DOESN'T WEIGH MUCH. JUST A LITTLE OVER A POUND, BUT PACKED IN ITS OVAL SHAPE IS CONTAINED ENOUGH DESTRUCTION TO BLAST A MAN TO SMITHEREENS! FOR THIS IS THE FOOT SOLDIER'S FAVORITE WEAPON... **THE GRENADE!** JUST PULL THE PIN AND THERE ARE ONLY...

# 7 SECONDS TO HELL

OKAY, JUST GATHER AROUND ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THIS THING WORKS! TODAY YOU'RE GONNA GET INSTRUCTION IN THE USE OF THE HAND GRENADE... A VERY DANGEROUS WEAPON WHEN IT'S USED RIGHT!



FIRST YOU GRASP IT TIGHTLY IN THE HAND THAT'S GONNA DO THE THROWING... YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME TO SWITCH FROM HAND TO HAND! THEN PULL THE PIN... NOW YOU'RE READY FOR ACTION!



NOW DON'T LET THAT HANDLE UP UNTIL YOU THROW IT... THAT'S WHAT SETS THE FUSE OFF! AS LONG AS THAT HANDLE IS DOWN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THAT'S WHY IN COMBAT I SUGGEST THAT YOU TAPE THE HANDLES JUST IN CASE THE PIN ACCIDENTALLY COMES OUT!



NOW YOU HEAVE IT! NOT LIKE A BASEBALL, BUT LIKE PUTTING THE SHOT! THEN DUCK, BECAUSE IT'LL SPREAD SHRAPNEL FRAGMENTS ALL OVER THE PLACE! AND REMEMBER... THERE ARE JUST 7 SECONDS BEFORE IT GOES OFF...

**7 SECONDS  
TO HELL!**



LOOKS EASY, DOESN'T IT, TRASK? BUT NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!

OKAY, TRASK, YOU'RE NEXT... JUST REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU AND YOU GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

YES... SIR!

GO AHEAD, TAKE IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER, IT WON'T BITE! IT'S EASY, JUST COPY EVERYTHING THAT THE LIEUTENANT DID... COME ON NOW, UP TO THE FIRING LINE!



THAT'S IT--PULL THE PIN--THAT'S THE FIRST THING!

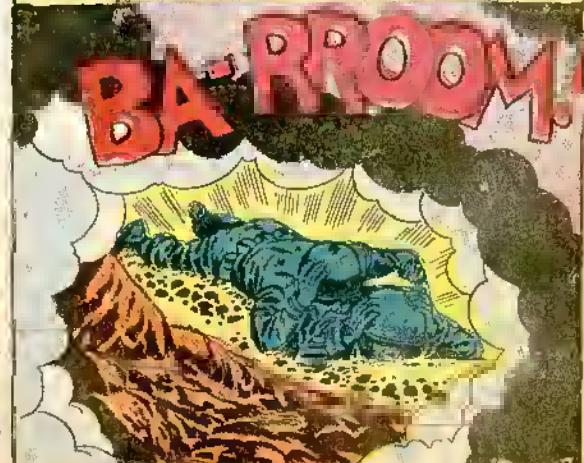
NOW THE PIN'S UP... COME ON, THROW IT... GET RID OF IT!

C'MON, GET RID OF IT! ONLY 7 SECONDS BEFORE IT GOES OFF!



WHAT A TIME FOR A GUY TO FREEZE! C'MON... HIT THE DIRT!

GOOD THING THE LIEUTENANT DIDN'T FREEZE, EH TRASK! GOOD THING, OR ELSE THEY'D BE PICKING YOU UP WITH A SHOVEL AND A BROOM!



C'MON, LIEUTENANT, GET UP! GET UP! WHY DON'T YOU GET UP!



THERE WAS AN INQUEST INTO THE DEATH OF THE OFFICER. BUT THERE WASN'T ANYTHING THEY COULD DO ABOUT IT... AND SO IT WAS LISTED AS "ACCIDENTAL DEATH." BUT YOU KNOW IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT... YOU KNOW HE'D STILL BE ALIVE IF YOU DIDN'T "FREEZE" ON THAT RANGE...

CAUSE HE CAN'T, TRASK... HE'S DEAD! THOSE TINY SLIVERS OF STEEL CAN CUT A MAN TO PIECES... STOP HIM DEAD IN HIS TRACKS! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIEUTENANT... AND YOU KILLED HIM!

AND FINALLY YOU FINISHED BASIC... NOW YOU WERE READY FOR THE REAL STUFF... FOR KOREA! BUT YOU DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED WITH THAT GRENADE... AND NEITHER DID THE OTHER MEN IN YOUR COMPANY!

WELL, HE'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM ME UP AT THE FRONT! WHO WANTS A GUY LIKE THAT AROUND!

YEAH, THAT'S THE GUY WHO FROZE ON THE RANGE! IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM THE LIEUT. WOULD STILL BE ALIVE!



FINALLY PUSAN! AND THEN THE LONG WALK UP THE PENINSULA! NEXT, THE FRONT!



BUT YOU WERE ALONE IN YOUR MIND, TRASK! YOU HAD TO BE SADDLED WITH A GUY WHO'S LIABLE TO FREEZE WHEN THE GOING GETS ROUGH... AND YOU CAN'T BLAME THEM!

AND THEN...

DIG IN, YOU GUYS! WE GOT INCOMING MAIL!



WHAT'S A MATTER, TRASK, STILL AFRAID OF THEM? REMEMBER WHAT THE LIEUTENANT SAID, A G.I.'S BEST FRIEND! WELL, YOU'D BETTER MAKE UP WITH THEM... YOU'RE NOT HERE FOR YOUR GOOD LOOKS, YOU KNOW!



THIS IS THE START OF AN ATTACK, TRASK... DIG IN! THEY'RE TRYING TO SOFTEN YOU UP FOR THE BIG PUSH... THEY WANT THIS RIDGE, AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING STOPPING THEM... YOU!



HERE THEY COME, TRASK! KEEP POURING IT ON...KEEP THAT POP GUN BURNING! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!

YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM WITH JUST A RIFLE...IT TAKES TOO LONG. THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF DOING IT...AND YOUR BUDDIES KNOW HOW! GRENADES! THOSE PINEAPPLES CAN CHEW 'EM UP AND THEN SPIT THEM OUT LIKE SO MANY PITS...

THAT'S IT, TRASK...NOW GET RID OF IT...HEAVE...

BLAM!  
BOT!  
BOT!

BAM!

POK

DON'T FREEZE, TRASK...THIS ISN'T FOR PRACTISE!



...NOW WHY DID HE HAVE TO SAY THAT...WHY!!!

LOOK!  
HE FROZE AGAIN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE GUYS, WHY DON'T THEY MOVE...ARE THEY...FROZEN! REMEMBER THERE'S ONLY 7 SECONDS...



...TO HELL!

S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S



FEEL THOSE TINY SLIVERS OF STEEL BITING AND CUTTING THROUGH YOU...THAT'S WHAT THE LIEUTENANT FELT! AND THAT SOFT WARM Oozy FEELING. THAT'S YOUR BLOOD...IT'S FLOWING AWAY...AND TAKING YOUR LIFE WITH YOU! BUT NOBODY CAN SAY YOU FROZE THIS TIME...EVEN IF IT MEANT YOUR OWN LIFE!

# LEADERSHIP!

"What's the matter with that joker? He looks like he just lost his best friend!"

The sergeant looked at the gyrene who was slouched against the side of a tent disgustedly pounding a fist into an open palm. Then he looked back at the Marine captain who was still staring at the unhappy soldier.

"That's er, the man I was telling you about, Captain. PFC Joe Backus. The man I'd like to recommend for promotion to sergeant! Hey, Joe, c'men on over here, the Captain wants to talk to you!"

The tall, thin soldier detached himself from the canvas tent and ambled over to the two men. He snapped to attention at the sight of the silver bars, then waited to hear what the officer had to say.

"At ease, Backus! I'm here looking for a new platoon sergeant, and from your record I'd say that you were that man! Let's see now, you got that first stripe last year and... and... WHAT HAPPENED?"

The Captain was staring in disbelief at the empty sleeve of Joe Backus... a sleeve that still bore the faded imprint of a stripe recently torn off! PFC Joe Backus had been broken to a PRIVATE!

"That's right, Sir... it happened last night! You see, I had already been offered the job... but I don't want it! I wouldn't take it if you made me an officer... er, no offense, Sir! But you'd better ask General Bridges about it... he's the one who broke me! Said I didn't have the quality of LEADERSHIP that's necessary to head a patrol!"

The Private didn't wait for a response, but saluted sharply, then wheeled in an about face, and went back to the tent. Inside, he stretched out on a cot, placed his hands under his head and stared at the dark ceiling. He let the cigarette smoke drip from his mouth as he thought about the night's patrol.

"Leadership, eh? Well, if that's what they want, guess I don't qualify! Gotta be

a leader of men, the General said... he don't know what he's talking about! I remember when we first went out past the lines..."

\* \* \*

It had been dark on the patrol, real black. The way it should be on a patrol into enemy territory. He had been bringing up the rear and the words of General Bridges were still ringing in his ears.

"Just watch the Sergeant, Backus... he's an experienced squad leader. I know you can soldier, but I'm worried about your leadership qualities... takes more than just a soldier to lead men into battle!"

He had always dreamed about those three stripes, and now they were going to be his! All he had to do was to watch the sergeant... he would show him the ropes!

They were crossing no-man's land when it happened! There was a sharp *tssiiinnngg*, then a cry of pain... then silence! And then there wasn't any more sergeant to show him the ropes, because the non-com was dead with a sniper's bullet through his head! And being the next highest in rank, that left Joe Backus in command!

Panic quickly spread through the ranks as the others realized what had happened. Panic which brought on low mutterings, and excited voices!

Go ahead, Joe, take over! You're a leader of men! Tell them what to do!

It didn't take any qualities of leadership to realize that the noisy men would soon give their position away to the enemy. All that took was common sense and good soldiering... Joe Backus had both!

He hissed out at the remaining gyroes in a low voice. "Quiet, you guys, or there won't be any of us gettin' back! I'm takin' over, so you'll do what I say!"

There was no rebellion, just silent assent. They were glad to have somebody tell them what to do.

"Now the first thing is to find that sniper. I got a hunch he's up by those rocks. Who wants first crack at him?"

His eyes shifted from man to man and saw the fear, the terror, the distrust of the unknown. It would be slaughter sending a man out there, but do it himself!

"You guys stay here. I should be right back! If you don't hear from me in half an hour make your way back to our own lines!"

He crawled through the high grass toward the twin boulders that guarded the trail. Carefully he eased the bolt on the rifle then sat up for a look around! The glint of moonlight on the steel barrel gave away the sniper's position. But he was going to be hard to pick off what with the two boulders in the way. Well, only one thing to do about that . . . get him before he gets you!

There was no bravado in the act, it was the only way out of a tough situation! The gyrene stepped boldly into the moonlight that lit the patch of ground between the rocks and then flinched as the enemy bullet sent flecks of granite biting into his face. But that was the last shot, because the sniper was tumbling from the tree with a gaping wound in his throat . . . tumbling . . . dead!

Joe motioned for the others to join him with a wave of his hand, and slowly the patrol moved forward. There was amazement on their faces as they passed the body of the sniper . . . amazement, and admiration in their backward glances at the new squad leader.

The small group moved forward with renewed confidence. Then halted at Joe's signal. He pointed toward an enemy tank that squatted in a clearing. It was still smouldering from an aircraft attack that had taken place earlier in the day.

"Who wants it?"

"Who wants what? That's one piece we don't have to worry about anymore."

"You guy'll never learn, and you call yourselves MARINES! What's to stop the enemy from pulling that tank back, repairing it, and then using it against us all over again! Nothing . . . except a handful of gyrenes . . . US!"

The others stared at him in disbelief. Was he crazy? Had his new job gone to his head . . . was he bucking for another stripe?

Once again he looked at the faces of the men under his command! Which one to send out there? Charley Brown? No, too inexperienced. Bill Summers? Nope, he had a wife and three kids to go home to. Anybody else? Aww nuts, better do it yourself!

"You guys cover me . . . I'll show you how to wreck a tank!"

Slowly he crawled toward the smouldering hulk. Sweat poured off his face when he pulled himself to a crouching position. Hard work, damn hard! Then he put the rifle grenades into position and went to work on the treads of the metal monster. Sharp explosions ripped through the night air. Then the tank heaved its last sigh and tumbled onto its side. SCRATCH ONE-TANK!

Machine gun bullets cut a swath over his head as he raced back toward cover. Nothing more exciting like an enraged hornet's nest!

"C'mon you guys, let's get outa here!"

Silently and quickly the patrol followed their leader's directions and made its way back to the safety of their own lines. PFC (soon to be SGT) Joe Backus reported to the General. Reported and told him every detail. Then sat back in amazement as the CO chewed him out!

"And you call yourself a LEADER! Why, you could have been killed out there! Anybody could do what you did; what we need are men to tell others how to do it, not do it themselves! Backus, I'm glad I found out about you before it was too late! Just imagine if you had been killed out there . . . why, chances are that patrol would never have gotten back! From now on you're just a plain PRIVATE!"

\* \* \* \*

He ground the cigarette out on the floor of the tent and rose to his feet. From now on things were going to be different. From now on he was going to let the other hot-shots worry about the promotions . . . who wanted to be a LEADER anyway? Much easier following orders . . . and safer!

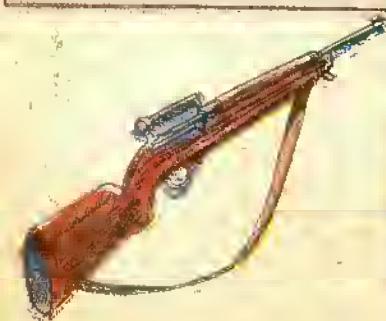
PVT. WILL ADLER LEARNED FAST... HE HAD TO IN KOREA! THAT HIS MOST IMPORTANT PIECE OF EQUIPMENT WAS HIS RIFLE... TO BE WITHOUT IT WAS TO BE WITH ONE ARM! AND SO HE TREATED IT LIKE IT WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD! AND IT WAS... IT WAS HIS BEGINNING AND HIS END... HIS LIFE AND HIS DEATH... IT WAS HIS...

# CARBINE!

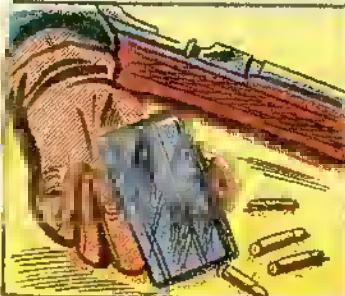
THIS IS KOREA, ALDER... NOT SOME TRAINING BASE IN THE STATES! WE PLAY FOR KEEPS AROUND HERE.. SO YOU'D BETTER CLEAN UP THAT CARBINE! IT'S THE BEST FRIEND YOU'VE GOT... TAKE CARE OF IT!



THIS IS THE RIFLE, ADAPTABLE TELESCOPIC SIGHT, WEIGHT: 5 1/2 LBS... LENGTH: 3 FEET A PISTOL GRIP AND A MAXIMUM RANGE OF 2,000 YARDS, EFFECTIVE RANGE: 300 YARDS! A VERSITILE WEAPON IN THE HANDS OF A KILLER!



THIS IS THE BITING END OF THE BULLET CONTAINER. A BOX TYPE MAGAZINE, CAPACITY FIFTEEN ROUNDS OF .30 CALIBRE BULLETS MUZZLE VELOCITY: 2,000 FEET PER SECOND, AND A STRIKING FORCE OF 900 FOOT POUNDS! IN OTHER WORDS, YOU CAN TEAR A MAN'S HEAD OFF WITH IT!



THAT'S IT, WILLIE... TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT! IT'S LIABLE TO MEAN YOUR LIFE!



**NIGHT PATROL IN KOREA A BOY BECOMES A MAN IN FOUR HOURS! WHERE A CARBINE M-1 ASSUMES ITS IMPORTANCE!**

OKAY, YOU GUYS... LET'S MOVE OUT! WE GOT WORK TO DO TONIGHT! LET'S START FIGHTING THIS WAR LIKE WE MEANT IT!



BRR... SURE IS COLD OUT HERE! NOTHING TO DO BUT SIT AND WAIT THOUGH... CAN'T EVEN LIGHT A FIRE!



**SOMETIME LATER...**

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THEM! IT'S BEGINNING TO GET LIGHT! BUT I CAN'T LEAVE... NOT WHILE THE PATROL'S OUT THERE!



**AND OUT IN NO MAN'S LAND...**

OKAY, ALDER, YOU STAY HERE AND COVER OUR REAR! WE'RE GOING ON TO OUR OBJECTIVE! IF ANYTHING STIRS COME A-RUNNING!

YES SIR...  
ME AND  
BETSY HERE  
WILL TAKE  
CARE OF  
EVERYTHING!



WELL, GUESS THEY AIN'T SHOWING UP... AND IT'S TOO LIGHT FOR ME TO DO ANY GOOD HERE... I'M GOING BACK TO OUR LINES!



WILL TURNED TO RETURN TO HIS OWN LINES, THEN DREW UP SHORT AT THE SIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM! EIGHT ENEMY SOLDIERS! EIGHT OF THE ENEMY WHO KNEW THAT SOMETHING OR SOMEONE WAS BEHIND THAT BOULDER!

EIGHT GOONS... AND I'VE ONLY GOT EIGHT ROUNDS LEFT IN THE MAGAZINE! GOTTA MAKE 'EM ALL COUNT!



I COULD PICK HIM OFF EASY... BETSY HERE IS DEADLY AT THIS RANGE! BUT A SHOT'LL SPREAD THE REST OF THEM LIKE A COVEY OF QUAIL! MIGHT GET A COUPLE... BUT THEY'D GET ME SURE! BETTER FIGURE OUT ANOTHER WAY...

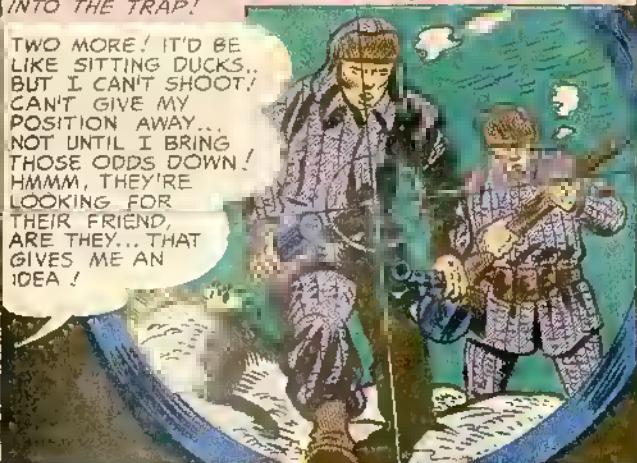


IT HAD TO BE QUIET... NO NOISE, OR ELSE HE'D GIVE HIS POSITION AWAY! AND THE ENEMY SOLDIER WALKED INTO THE TRAP... AND NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!



WHEN THE SOLDIER DIDN'T RETURN, TWO MORE OF THE ENEMY WENT TO INVESTIGATE WHAT WAS BEHIND THE BOULDER... WENT TO INVESTIGATE AND WALKED INTO THE TRAP!

TWO MORE! IT'D BE LIKE SITTING DUCKS.. BUT I CAN'T SHOOT! CAN'T GIVE MY POSITION AWAY... NOT UNTIL I BRING THOSE ODDS DOWN! HMM, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR THEIR FRIEND, ARE THEY... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



...ONCE AGAIN BETSY WAS PUT ASIDE, BUT HER TIME WAS TO COME LATER!

THERE, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT! COME AND GET YOUR PAL... HE'S WAITING FOR YOU!



IN A FEW MOMENTS THE TWO SOLDIERS FOUND THEIR FRIEND...

...AND TURNED HIM OVER TO SAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS...



... ALSO REVEALING THE GRENADES...



SET AS A BOOBY TRAP!



THE REMAINING CHINESE SPREAD OUT TO FIND THE LONE AMERICAN THAT WAS WRECKING HAVOC WITH THEIR PATROL... AND ONE WAS GETTING WARM...



HE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL UNTIL IT DISAPPEARED INTO NOTHING! WHERE HAD THE CRAZY AMERICAN GONE?



THE CHINESE FORGOT ONE THING... WHAT GOES UP, MUST COME DOWN! FOUR DOWN, FOUR TO GO! THE ODDS WERE GETTING BETTER ALL THE TIME!



ONCE AGAIN THE ENEMY FOUND THEIR DEAD COMRADE... AND ONCE AGAIN...



WALKED INTO A BOOBY TRAP! WHO COULD FIGURE THAT THE CRAZY AMERICAN WAS STILL IN THE AREA!



NOW IT WAS FIVE DOWN, THREE TO GO! PRETTY SOON NOW, BETSY... YOU'LL GET YOUR CHANCE!



WHEW! GETTING CLOSE! BUT THINGS'LL BE A LITTLE BETTER DOWN IN THAT GRASS... IT'LL BE EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



THE ENEMY QUICKLY PICKED UP THE TRAIL, AND ADVANCED TOWARD THE HIGH REED-LIKE GRASS WHERE WILL SAT WAITING... WITH HIS CARBINE!

STILL CAN'T USE YOU, BETSY... CAN'T GIVE MY POSITION AWAY... NOT NOW!



SLOWLY THE ENEMY ADVANCED TOWARD THE CENTER OF THE FIELD... PINNING WILL DOWN BETWEEN THEM!



THE FOUR SOLDIERS CROUCHED LOW IN THE HIGH GRASS EACH WAITING FOR THE ENEMY TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE!



THE MINUTES PASSED QUICKLY... TEN... FIFTEEN... TWENTY! AND STILL NO SIGN OF THE ENEMY! WHAT'S THE MATTER... TENSION GETTING YOU? BETTER KEEP ALERT THOUGH... WHAT WAS THAT! WATCH OUT!



LOOK SOMEBODY'S MOVING! WHO IS IT? DON'T WAIT... IT'S YOUR LIFE OR HIS!



THAT'S IT... POUR IT ON! YOU'VE HIT HIM! YOU'VE HIT HIM!!

BRUPPPP

ARRRGHH!



TOO BAD! DIDN'T EXPECT THAT, DID YOU? WELL, THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN...

UGHHHH!

BRRU



THAT'S IT, WILLIE...  
YOU'VE GOT HIM LINED  
UP NOW!

LUCK WAS ON  
YOUR SIDE, WILLIE.  
THEY KILLED  
EACH OTHER!  
SEE WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN  
YOU GET PANICKY.  
NOW THE ODDS  
ARE MORE THAN  
EVEN UP...  
YOU'VE STILL  
GOT THAT  
CARBINE!  
OLD BETSY...  
JUST DYING  
TO GO TO WORK!

REMEMBER WHAT  
YOU LEARNED,  
WILLIE... DON'T  
PULL THE TRIGGER.  
SQUEEZE IT!

OH NO... THE MAGAZINE  
WAS EMPTY!



AND THE ENEMY SOLDIER WAS QUICK TO  
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WILLIE'S BLUNDER!



BUT THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO  
SKIN A CAT... ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR LIFE  
IS AT STAKE!



NOW IT WAS MAN AGAINST  
MAN... AND NO HOLDS BARRED!

...AND IN A SHORT TIME  
LATER IT WAS ALL OVER!



SLOWLY, WILL ADLER MADE  
HIS WAY BACK TOWARD HIS  
OWN LINES. THE SCORE: EIGHT  
DOWN, NONE TO GO! AND THE  
POWERFUL RIFLE STILL WAS  
SLUNG USELESSLY OVER HIS  
SHOULDER... WHICH ONLY  
GOES TO PROVE THAT  
THAT THE MAN IS STILL  
MORE IMPORTANT THAN  
THE GUN!



The End

ONE THING ABOUT THE ARMY, THEY CERTAINLY GIVE A DRAFTEE PLENTY OF STUFF TO WORK WITH... AND HE LEARNS WHICH ARE THE MORE IMPORTANT PIECES... BUT FIRST! TAKE THE CASE OF PVT. EDDIE BAILEY... ON THE ADVICE OF A REGULAR ARMY SERGEANT HE FOUND OUT THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS HELMET AND HIS RIFLE... ALSO HIS DOG TAGS! HE LEARNED THAT THESE THREE ITEMS WERE THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF...

# a GI'S EQUIPMENT

OKAY, BAILEY... THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU! TAKE MY ADVICE, SON... TAKE GOOD CARE OF THAT RIFLE AND THAT HELMET. THEY'RE A SOLDIER'S BEST FRIEND! AND MAKE SURE THAT YOU HAVE THOSE DOG TAGS WITH YOU AT ALL TIMES... ARMY REGULATIONS!



THIS IS A STEEL HELMET... TO BE WORN AT ALL TIMES IN A COMBAT AREA... FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION! MIGHT GET HEAVY AT TIMES, EDDIE. BUT YOU'LL GET USED TO THAT.

AND THIS IS YOUR BEST FRIEND... THE M-1 GARAND, A SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE THAT FIRES EIGHT SHOTS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT. EDDIE... THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE PAYING YOU TO USE!

THESE ARE YOUR DOG TAGS... OR IDENTIFICATION TAGS TO BE EXACT! DON'T LOSE THEM, AND REGULATIONS SAY THAT THEY MUST BE WORN AT ALL TIMES! SO OBEY REGULATIONS, EDDIE, 'CAUSE THESE GO WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO!

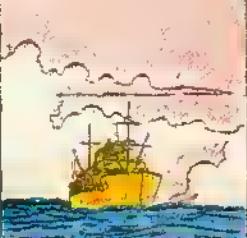


NOW YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN HOW TO BE A SOLDIER, EDDIE! THEY'RE GOING TO TOUGHEN YOU UP, TEACH YOU HOW TO SHOOT THAT GARAND, AND MAKE YOU A KILLER! 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GETTING YOU READY FOR... TO FIGHT THE ENEMY!



THERE, THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DID IT? JUST EIGHTEEN WEEKS AND YOU'RE READY! YOU'RE A KILLER! TRAINED TO A FIGHTING EDGE! AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING, TO PUT ALL THAT TRAINING TO USE... TO FIGHT A WAR!

WELL, YOU MADE IT, EDDIE! IT SEEMED LIKE A DREAM A FEW MONTHS AGO, BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE... AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT A WAR... 'CAUSE YOU'RE IN KOREA!



NO, THEY DON'T SEND YOU RIGHT INTO THE LINES... THERE HAS TO BE A LITTLE MORE TRAINING FIRST! THEY HAVE TO PUT THAT EDGE BACK ON THAT RAZOR... BUT THEY KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING, EDDIE... THERE'S BEEN A MILLION EDDIES BEFORE YOU!

OKAY MEN, THIS IS IT! GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER... YOU'RE MOVING OUT IN TWO HOURS!



SO MOVE OUT, EDDIE... AND STOP GRIPING ABOUT THE RAIN! YOU GET USED TO THAT SORT OF THINGS UP WHERE YOU'RE GOING! EVEN THE ELEMENTS ARE AGAINST YOU... FOR NOW YOU'RE IN THE BIG LEAGUES... THIS IS WHERE THEY SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS!



THAT'S IT, KID... YOU'RE ON THE BALL NOW... ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... AND USUALLY DOES!



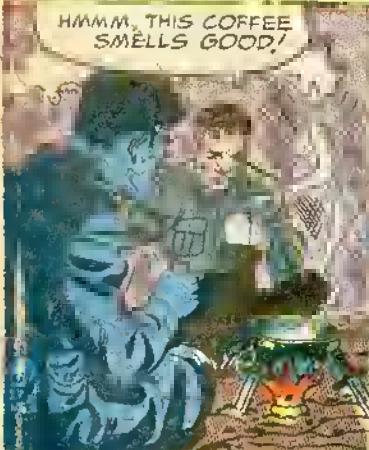
OKAY, KID... YOU'VE BEEN UP HERE FOR THREE DAYS... GO BACK TO THE O.P. AND TAKE A REST! I'LL GET YOU WHEN I NEED YOU!

GEE, THREE DAYS AND NOTHING HAPPENED! THOUGHT THERE WAS A WAR GOING ON!

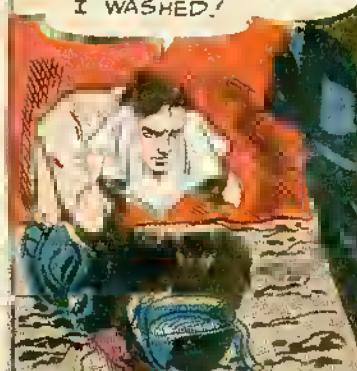
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, EDDIE? THERE'S PLENTY OF WAR TO GO AROUND... YOU'LL GET YOUR SHARE.

YOU GOT A BREAK, EDDIE, MAKE THE MOST OF IT! NOW YOU CAN PUT THAT HELMET TO USE... REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD SERGEANT TOLD YOU... ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PIECES OF YOUR EQUIPMENT... HERE'S WHERE YOU FIND OUT!

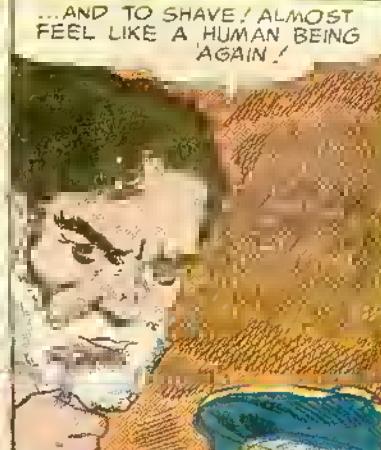
HMM, THIS COFFEE SMELLS GOOD!



BOY, IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO GET RID OF THIS MUD... BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE I WASHED!



...AND TO SHAVE! ALMOST FEEL LIKE A HUMAN BEING AGAIN!



BUT YOU'VE STILL GOT A WAR TO FIGHT, KID... SO IT'S BACK INTO THE LINES!

DIG IN! DIG IN!  
THEY'RE OPENING UP!



THAT'S IT, KID... CRAWL INSIDE THAT PIECE OF STEEL... IT'S THE ONLY THING BETWEEN YOU AND THAT SHRAPNEL! AND REMEMBER WHAT THAT SERGEANT TOLD YOU... HOW CAN YOU FORGET!



THEY'RE PLAYING FOR KEEPS, EDDIE... THIS ISN'T AN INFILTRATION COURSE BACK IN THE STATES... THAT'S REAL LIVE STUFF THEY'RE THROWING AT YOU!



THEY'VE STOPPED FIRING, EDDIE.. WHAT'S GOING ON! THEY'RE UP TO SOMETHING!

GET READY, KID... THEY'LL BE MOVING UP HERE ANY MINUTE NOW! THEY'RE GONNA TRY AND KNOCK US OFF THIS RIDGE ... BUT WE'RE GONNA HOLD IT!



SURE, YOU'RE GOING TO HOLD IT! THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, ISN'T IT? AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO GET A CHANCE TO USE THAT GARAND! A SOLDIER'S BEST FRIEND. REMEMBER? WATCH IT NOW... SLOW AND EASY... THAT'S IT!

GOT TO LINE HIM UP FIRST... A LITTLE MORE ELEVATION!

GOT HIM NOW...

SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER... DON'T PULL IT! GOT HIM!



KEEP IT UP, EDDIE... YOU'RE DOING FINE, BUT YOU DON'T THINK ONE DEAD ENEMY SOLDIER IS GOING TO STOP THEM DO YOU? IN A BATTLE LIFE IS CHEAP!



THAT'S IT, KID... POUR IT ON! YOU'RE A KILLER NOW... THE BEST TRAINED KILLER IN THE WORLD... SO SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER, ELSE YOU'LL BE DEAD!



ALL AFTERNOON THE BATTLE FOR THE RIDGE RAGED... FIRST ONE SIDE WOULD HAVE THE ADVANTAGE, THEN THE OTHER! BUT THE AMERICANS HAD IT... AND THEY WERE GOING TO KEEP IT... NOTHING WAS GOING TO KNOCK THEM OFF THAT LINE!

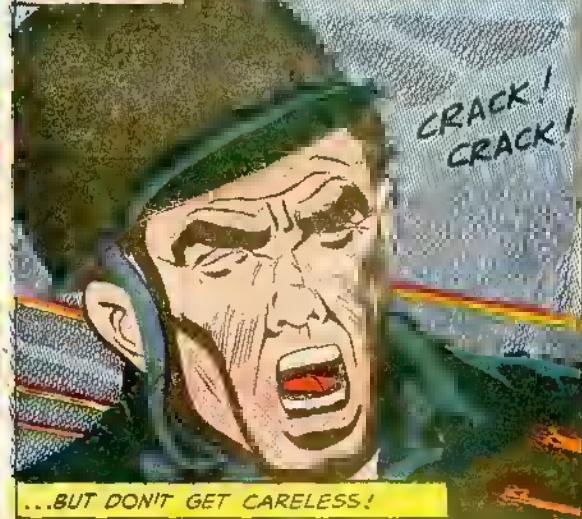


...AND NOTHING DID!

HOLD THAT POP GUN, KID...  
IT'S ALL OVER! THEY'RE  
PULLING BACK! TAKE A  
BREAK... YOU EARNED IT!



SURE YOU'VE EARNED IT, EDDIE... YOU'RE A VETERAN NOW! SO TAKE A BREAK, BUT DON'T...  
DON'T...



AND THAT'S THE STORY OF PVT. EDDIE BAILEY... AND HIS EQUIPMENT. EQUIPMENT THAT GOES WITH HIM NO MATTER WHAT! WHAT ABOUT THE DOG TAG? EVEN THAT GOES WITH HIM... TO THE VERY END!



THE END.

# NEW! 1953 "Space Commander" Vibro-Matic WALKIE TALKIES

No Electric Wires!  
No Batteries!

2 WAY!

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VOICE—SONGS—MUSIC

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Works Like Magic!  
FULLY GUARANTEED

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5-DAY TRIAL

Money-Back Guarantee

SEND NO MONEY NOW. Order a Space Commander Walkie-Talkie set NOW at the extra-low price of 1.00. Pay only 1.00 plus a few cents postage on delivery to you or the 2 phones—and easy instructions. Enjoy them with your children for 5 WHOLE YEARS, free of any obligation—entirely at our risk. See if it doesn't thrill them to no end. You and they too will be delighted. Otherwise, your dollar comes back to you! Better cash? The demand is very great and our supply is limited. Mail the coupon TODAY!

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SAVE postage costs. Enclose a dollar with this coupon for PREPAID DELIVERY up to your door. Same money back guarantee.

IT GETS MIGHTY COLD IN THE HILLS OF KOREA -- MIGHTY COLD! ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU'RE PVT. ANGIE LANGE AND YOU COME FROM THE DEEP SOUTH! YOU'RE NOT USED TO THE BITING WIND AND THE PENETRATING COLD. NO MATTER HOW MANY BLANKETS YOU'VE GOT, YOU STILL CAN'T GET WARM! AND THE REST OF YOUR BUDDIES KNOW THAT IT'S AFFECTING YOUR ABILITY AS A FIGHTING MAN... THAT'S WHY THEY HAVE TO GET...

# A BLANKET for ANGIE!

BRRR, I'M FREEZING! I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS 'COLD WEATHER'!

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A BREAK THEN? GO ON BACK TO THE BUNKER... MIGHT BE WARMER IN THERE. I'LL HOLD THE LINE FOR A WHILE... WON'T BE NOTHING GOING ON HERE!



THIS PLACE IS TOO COLD FOR ME... CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! NOTHING LIKE IT WHERE I LIVE!

AW, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT ANGIE! ANYWAY, THIS IS BETTER THAN FIGHTING GOOKS!

NOT TO ME IT ISN'T. I'M GOING OUT AND GET ME ANOTHER BLANKET BEFORE I FREEZE TO DEATH!

YEAH, YOU DO THAT... WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN DIG ONE UP AROUND HERE! WE JUST GOTTA GET ANOTHER BLANKET FOR YOU!



AND AT THE SUPPLY SERGEANT'S QUARTERS...

BUT, SARGE... YOU JUST GOTTA  
GET ME AN **EXTRA BLANKET**...  
YOU JUST GOTTA! MY BODY'S  
JUST LIKE ONE BIG ICE CUBE!

SORRY ANGIE -  
I'D LIKE TO  
HELP YOU OUT,  
BUT THERE ISN'T  
AN EXTRA BLANKET



IN DESPERATION ANGIE TURNED TO HIS BUDDY...

YOU GOTTA SELL IT TO  
ME, HARRY... YA JUST  
GOTTA! I'LL GIVE YOU  
**A HUNDRED BUCKS**  
FOR IT!

I CAN'T SELL IT,  
ANGIE... I'D BE CRAZY  
TO TRY AND GO ONE  
NIGHT WITHOUT IT!



AS THE DAY WORE  
ON THE COLD GOT  
WORSE AND WORSE  
... AND ANGIE  
SUFFERED EVEN  
MORE! HIS FEET  
WERE NUMB, ONE  
STEP AND HIS  
TOES FELT AS IF  
THEY'D FALL OFF!  
HIS FINGERS WERE  
BRITTLE AS STONE  
... HE DOUBTED  
IF HE EVEN COULD  
PULL A TRIGGER!  
HE WAS REACHING  
THE POINT  
WHERE HIS WILL  
TO RESIST WAS  
GONE... HE'D  
RATHER CURL UP  
IN THE SNOW AND  
GO TO SLEEP...  
EVEN IF IT MEANT  
DEATH... FOR THEN  
AT LEAST HE  
WOULD BE WARM!



BUT ANGIE WASN'T SUFFERING ALONE... HIS  
BUDDIES KNEW WHAT HE WAS GOING THROUGH  
AND WERE TRYING TO FIND A SOLUTION!

I DON'T KNOW HOW  
WE'RE GOING TO DO IT...

... THERE MUST BE  
AN EXTRA BLANKET  
IN THIS GOD-FOR-  
SAKEN PENINSULA...  
AND WE'LL FIND IT!



... BUT THE BLANKET WOULD HAVE TO WAIT...  
FOR THE ENEMY BIG GUNS WERE OPENING UP!  
THE CHINESE OFFENSIVE WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN!

BOOM BOOM

BAR ROOM



THIS WARMING THINGS UP FOR YOU, ANGIE? WAIT A WHILE AND THEY'LL MAKE THINGS A LITTLE HOTTER!

AT LEAST IT'S TAKING MY MIND OFF THE COLD... FROM THE SOUND OF THAT INCOMING MAIL I THINK THIS TIME THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



HERE, THEY COME! MUST BE AT LEAST TWO DIVISIONS TRYING TO TAKE THIS HILL!

DON'T BOther TO COUNT THEM, ANGIE... JUST KEEP THAT POP GUN GOING HOT AND HEAVY!



ANGIE WAS RIGHT... THERE WERE TWO DIVISIONS TRYING TO TAKE THE HILL! FOR THE HEIGHT OF THIS SLOPE COMMENDED THE APPROACHED TO THE INVASION ROUTE SOUTHWARD... A MUST POSITION TO ANY ATTACKING ARMY!



POUR IT ON! POUR IT ON! YOU GOT A MILLION TARGETS DOWN THERE, PICK ONE OUT!



PULL OUT! PULL OUT! THERE'S TOO MANY FOR US!



IT WAS A BEAT BUNCH OF AMERICANS THAT FINALLY MADE IT BACK TO THEIR OWN POSITIONS...BEAT AND OVERWHELMED BY SUPERIOR NUMBERS!



BUT ANGIE HAD OTHER PROBLEMS ON HIS MIND BESIDE THE ENEMY... HIS BIGGEST PROBLEM AT THE MOMENT... THE DEEP, BITING, PENETRATING COLD!

BRRR, WHAT A DAY! AT LEAST UP IN THAT BUNKER I WAS OUT OF THE WIND... WHY COULDN'T THIS WAR BE IN AFRICA?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, ANGIE... WE'RE GONNA GET YOU AN EXTRA BLANKET! THERE MUST BE SOME LEFT UP ON THAT RIDGE... WHEN WE RETAKE IT!

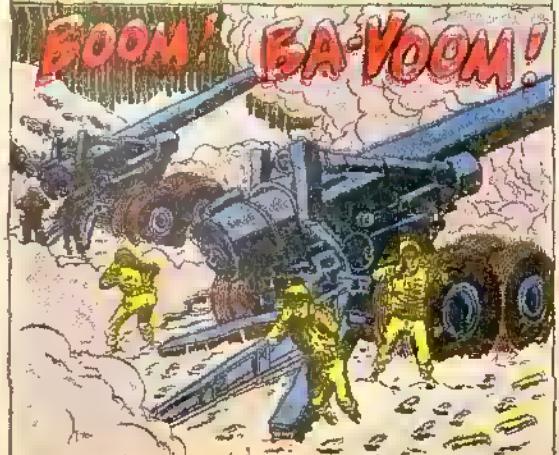


AND HARRY WAS RIGHT! FOR A FEW HOURS LATER WORD CAME DOWN FROM BATTALION THAT THEY WERE TO RETAKE THE HEIGHTS!

WE'LL BE MOVING OUT AS SOON AS OUR ARTILLERY SOFTENS THEM UP! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT HILL BACK... AND YOU'RE THE GUYS WHO ARE GONNA DO IT! SO GET YOUR GEAR TOGETHER... WE'RE BACK IN THE WAR!



THE TIME SCHEDULE WAS SET AND THE BIG GUNS OPENED UP! SHEETS OF FLAME BELCHED TOWARD THE ENEMY POSITIONS SPITTING STEEL PROJECTILES OF DEATH... AND THE AMERICANS WAITED FOR THE SIGNAL!



AND FINALLY THE CANNONADING STOPPED...

OKAY... LET'S GO! WE'RE MOVING OUT... AND WE'RE GONNA TAKE THAT HILL BACK!



AND NOW THE SITUATION WAS REVERSED... THE AMERICANS WERE ON THE OFFENSIVE! IT WAS A SLOW TORTUROUS WAY UP THE SLOPES OF THE RIDGE... BUT NOTHING WAS GOING TO KNOCK THEM OFF!



ALMOST... TO... THE... TOP... GOTTA... MAKE... THE... CREST! THAT'S... WHERE... I'LL... FIND... AN... EXTRA BLANKET!



GIMMIE THAT FLAG! WE'RE GOING OVER THE TOP... GOTTA MAKE IT TO THE TOP!



AND HE MADE IT! THE HILL WAS ONCE AGAIN IN THE HANDS OF THE YANKS! NOW HE COULD LOOK FOR THAT EXTRA BLANKET!



ANGIE, WATCH OUT! OH NO... NO...



The End  
THE COLD WINTERY WINDS SWEEPED OVER THE HILL BUT ANGIE DIDN'T FEEL THEM! FOR ANGIE HAD FOUND HIS BLANKET... A SHROUD WHICH WAS WRAPPED AROUND HIS STILL FORM HODDLING HIM CLOSER TO ITS BOSSOM! FOR ANGIE WAS DEAD...

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1

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2

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3

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**FISHING PARADISE** — St. Pierre & Miquelon, where sailors and fishermen lead rugged outdoor life.

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LET'S GO!

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ACT NOW!

ACT NOW!

ACT NOW!

ACT NOW

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Mall coupon for  
SALVE and  
pictures to start.

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Wrist  
Watches,  
Baking Sets,  
Typewriters,  
etc.

Lucile  
Dresser  
Sets, Cook  
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ACT NOW!

ACT NOW!